

THE CLOSE OF THE YEAR.

BY GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

Gone! Gone forever! Like a rushing wave
Another year has burst upon the shore
Of earth's being—and its low tones
Wandering in broken accents on the air,
Are dying to an echo.

The gay spring
With its young charms has gone, gone with its
leaves.

Its atmosphere of roses, its white clouds
Shimmering like scraps in the air—its birds
Telling their love in music, and its streams
Leaping and shouting, from the up-piled rocks
To make the earth echo with the joy of waves;
And summer with its dew and its soft glow,
Its rainbows glowing on the distant cloud
Like spirits of the storm—its peaceful lakes
Smiling in their sweet sleep, as if their dreams
Were of the opening flowers and budding trees
And overhanging sky—and its bright mist
Resting upon the mountain tops as crowns
Upon the heads of giant, autumn, too,
Has gone! With all its deeper glories gone,
With its green hills, like altars of the world,
Lifting their rich fruit offerings to their God.
Its cool winds straying with the forest shade
To wake the thousand wind larks; its serene
And holy sunbeams languishing over the West,
Like banners from the battlements of heaven;
And its still evenings—when the moon-lit sea
Was ever throbbing—like the living heart
Of the great Universe—their soft glow
But sounds and visions of the past—their deep
And beauty has departed from the earth
And they are gathered to the embrace of death,
Their solemn herald to eternity.

Nor have they gone alone. High human hearts
Of passion have gone with them. The fresh dust
Is still on many a breast that burned and glowed
With fire that seemed immortal. Joys that leaped
Like angels from the heart, and wandered free
In this young morn, to look upon the flowers,
The poetry of nature, and to list
The wondrous sounds of breeze and bird and stream
Upon the night air, have been stricken down
And silence to the dust. Excited hearts
That roved forever on the buoyant wings
Like the bright stars of Paradise,
And charmed to the ever-listening heart
In the wild music of a thousand tongues,
Or soared into the open sky until
Light's burning gems seemed jeweled on her brow,
Has shut her drooping wings and made her home
Within the voiceless sepulcher. And Love,
That knelt at Passion's holiest shrine and gazed
In his heart's idol as on some great god,
Whose purity and distance made it dear,
And dreamed of ecstasies, until his soul
Seemed but a part of that weak and vain
Of the beloved one, he, too, has gone
To his eternal resting-place. And where
In stormy ambition? He who madly grasped
At glory's distant summit, and whose soul
He made his throne a pyramid of bones
And a sea of blood. He, too, has gone
His stormy voice is mute, his mighty arm
Is nerveless on its old, his very name
Is but a meteor of the night of years
Whose gleam flashed out a moment on the earth
And faded to nothingness. The dream
Of high devotion, Beauty's bright array
And life's deep joy, all have passed
Like the cloud shadows on a star-lit stream
Or a stream of soft music, when the winds
Are slumbering on the billow.

Yet why muse
Upon the past with sorrow? Though the year
Has gone to blend with the mysterious tide
Of old Eternity, and borne along
Upon its heaving breast a thousand wrecks
Of glory and of beauty, yet, why mourn
This such is destiny. Another year
Succeeds to the past. In their bright round
The seasons come and go; the same blue arch
That bathed long e'er us with hazy gleam
The same pure stars that we have loved to watch
Will blossom still at twilight's gentle hour
Like lilies on the tomb of day—and still
Man will remain to dream as he has dreamed,
And mark the earth with passion. Love will spring
From the lone tomb of old affections. Hope,
And joy, and great ambition will be
As they have risen, and their deeds will be
Brighter than those engraven on the scroll
Of past centuries. Even now the sea
Of coming years, beneath whose mighty waves
Life's great events are heaving into birth,
Is tossing to and fro, as if the winds
Of heaven were prisoned in its soundless depths
And struggling to be free.

Weep not that time
Is pressing on, it did ere long reveal
A brighter era to be nations. Hark!
Along the valleys and mountains of the earth
There is a deep and portentous murmuring,
Like the swift rush of subterranean streams,
Or like the mingled sounds of earth and air,
When the tempest with its stormy wing
Heaves its deep folds upon the rushing winds
And hurries onward, with his might of clouds,
Against the eternal mountains. 'Tis the voice
Of infant Freedom, and her stirring call
Is heard and answered in a thousand tones,
From every hill-top of her Western home,
And up the levels across old ocean's flood,
And 'Freedom! Freedom!' is the answering
Of nations starting from the spell of years.
The dawning—see!—the brightening in the
east!

The watchmen of the night have caught the sign.
From tower to tower the signal fire flash free,
And the deep watchword, like the rush of seas,
That heralds the volcano's bursting flame,
Is sounding o'er the earth. Bright years of Hope
And Life are on the wing. 'Tis the shout of
Freedom, banded by the hand of God,
Is spanning Time's dark surges. Its high arch—
A type of Love and Mercy on the clouds
Tells that the many tomes of human life
Will pass in silence; and the sinking wave,
Gathering the forms of glory and of peace,
Reflect the undimmed brightness of the heavens.

A STORY OF AGGRAVATION.

In Multitudinous Chapters.

CHAPTER I.

THE AMERICAN VELVET-PLANT.

"My dear," said Mrs. Scroggs, "you
must get me at once an 'American velvet-plant.' I have been reading its description. It is charming."

"My dear," said Mr. Scroggs, "there
are several growing out there on the hill. Which shall I transplant for you?"

"What do you mean?" said Mrs. Scroggs.

"The 'American velvet-plant' is the
mullein," said Mr. Scroggs.

"Pshaw!" said Mrs. Scroggs.

CHAPTER II.

MULLEINS AND ROSES.

What has this conversation (which
actually occurred) to do with the story?
Wait a little.

This is a story of aggravation, and
not a Christmas-story, for, in fact, they
had no Christmas at all, and it was im-
possible that they should have had, and
they ought to have known better. It is
written to be read after Christmas, when
the bills come in, and the indignations,
and the doctors, and you and your
wife have come to an understanding about
the current expenses, and the Christmas
snow have given way to a raw, dipther-
itic fog, and no end of slush. Read it then!

And now, they ought to have known
better, as I said before, for they were
mullain people, and there is nothing in
a mullein that can produce a rose. As
regards manners, morals, and ideas,
they might be American velvet-plants
—they were. But, as regards sterility
of resources, and the figure they cut in
the world, and the estimation in which
they were held, they were mullein
people; growing on a very black hill-
side, too.

And always haunted by the desire and
intention to grow roses! The ordinary
mullein accepts the situation. But these
human Mullains—they would
behave like roses. They were always
outwitting Step-mother Fate. However
she snubbed, and twicked, and set
them in corners, they were ready for
her. Take away the carpets, and they
stained the floor with brown. Deny
them bureau, and they transformed a
packing-box, a dollar looking-glass,
two cigar-boxes, and some old china,
into a dressing-table. Send them away
angry from the greasy table of their
lodging-house, and they smugly alices
of bread, buy three cents' worth of but-

ter, make toast over their wretched
little fire, and turn the whole into a
revel, which they talk of with glee.
There is a cantankerous good-nature, an
abominable cheerfulness at them.
They will not accept the situation, and
consider themselves disinherited. They
have every new painting and engraving
by heart. They visit the art-sales. They
know just where they would place the
inlaid cabinets and rugs of Shiraz, and
the prints of Hogarth. They will not
see that they have no finger in such
pies. They are continually trying to
put by money for artistic treasures,
when the ends of their income will not
meet. Such stupidity! As said an
attar-of-roses woman, of similar mul-
lains, "They live in a world of their
own." They will not see themselves as
others see them! Talking of art, and
stamped indelibly with Poverty, her
mark! Condemned for life to flat beer,
and dreaming of Amontillado, in Venetian
glass! They could not be made to
see why it was so impossible to grow at
least one little rose from their stalk,
just one!

CHAPTER III.

THEIR CHRISTMAS-FEVER.

Now that you comprehend them, you
will not be surprised to hear that these
people, who were in want, had resolved
to keep Christmas.

And you will add almost of yourself,
that these are precisely the sort of peo-
ple who are sure to take the Christmas-
fever, and to have it hard, and to whom
its wreaths and tapers and carols are
full of meaning and delicious charm—
and you would be quite right.

CHAPTER IV.

PARASITES AND NUISANCES.

Hitherto I have introduced these people
as "They." That was from cowardice.
Seldom has a writer more objectionable
personages in hand. The Mullains were
three: mother, daughter, and son. I
have read recently that women
without money were very nearly in the
position of "parasites," also, that "a
woman's business is to amuse and serve
man, and make his life agreeable, and
when not so engaged, she is a nuisance."

The mother and daughter in question
were without money, and there was no
"man," as an excuse for their exist-
ence; and not even the entireties of
love, in which they lived with the Boy,
and he with them, can altogether atone.
I assure you I feel it; but then what
would you have? This is just a Christ-
mas story, but a story of aggravation.

CHAPTER V.

THE CHRISTMAS-ROSE.

To begin: It had happened a month
or two before that they found them-
selves in possession of a surplus two-
dollar note. That is, of a two-dollar
note which need not be paid over at
once to landlord or shoemaker. This
note was deposited by acclamation in the
"Sixpenny savings," as a beginning
toward growing the Christmas-rose.
Henceforth the family leaned upon it,
and it often came up in conversation
as "that two dollars, you know."

Then the three Mullains had each a
little plan for growing a Christmas-rose.

Master Mullain invented what he
called the "dodge," as this: There are
certain transactions in business, so much
a matter of course, that you are startled
to reflect on the number of persons who
earn a living in these very departments.

Who thinks how notes, bills and mes-
sages, get about? Yet they certainly
don't run on casters, as young
Mullein, with his wallet chained about
his waist, might have assured you. If
you have an eye for rosy boys, I dare
say you have seen him; and if you have
observed him, arms up, hands clinched,
running on a sort of dog-trot, so as al-
ways to keep pace with the car or stage
in which you were riding, why then you
have seen the "dodge." There are
lines on which a boy of determination
may keep neck-and-neck with the
horses. On such lines Mullain pocketed
the fare and ran the route. There are
lines that defy the best-breathed "run-
ners." On these, as a boy of honor,
Mullein rode. He reported himself to
the house among the earliest of the
runners, and, nevertheless, averaged
thirty cents a day by the "dodge."

There are six days in the week,
6 x 30 = \$1.80. It lacks six weeks of
Christmas-tide: 6 x 1.80 = \$10.80.

But—

The world is under the reign of laws,
and the Mullain household was under a
law of necessity, that do what they
would, was sure to levy a tax of, say
thirty cents on every fifty cents amassed
by the "dodge," for matches, soap,
paper, car-fare—something of the sort.

After the "eleventh or eighth" collision
between the "law" and the "dodge," it
certainly occurred to Mamma Mullain
that things looked discouraging; and
she sighed. But the young inventor
went sturdily on, with a pluck and an
undiminished faith in the virtues of the
"dodge," quite so.

The little woman I such a very little
woman! She was preparing to go into
trade—in orange-peel and old news-
papers—when she could find a buyer.
People do buy such things somewhere,
you know.

CHAPTER VI.

A MARKET-WOMAN—SAUL AND PAUL—SIMPLE
SUMS.

And now you are waiting to hear
Mamma Mullain's business—that is, if
you want to hear anything about it. I
trust it shall not shock you. She was a
market-woman; not that she brought
eggs, and butter, and fruit, to market.
Had she done that, she might have
been a rose-woman instead of a mullein-
woman, and this story could never have
been written. But there are so many
sorts of markets—as a market where
your nice fresh ideas will bring a fair
price. Of this order of market-woman
was Mamma Mullain. She was liable
to ideas. There are some people who
regard such a person with suspicion,
but, though desirous to please all read-
ers, I must give my personages as I find
them. Ideas are often good for checks,
but they more frequently stamp the
man or woman subject to them as
dangerous. The world is like Saul.
It accepts the thought, whether in writ-
ing, marble, pottery painting, politics,
warfare, preaching, invitation, no mat-
ter what, as the Hebrew King did
Goliath's head. But it never forgives

the David. It "eyes" him; from that
time out, look out for javelins! I beg
pardon, I have shunted the story off
the track; but only to show you how
Mamma Mullain sometimes made money,
and sometimes failed.

Two and two make four. You see,
of course, that Mamma Mullain, who
was already in the habit of conveying
ideas to market, was specially desirous
of a brisk holiday business, and wrote
night and day to secure not two, but
a dozen, strings to her bow. Thus:
For the *Popular Cough*, a "Work-
ing-Idyl." For the *Excelsior*, "A
Carol." For the *Chignon*, three ap-
propriate articles. For the *Workstand*,
"A Little Preach about Babies." For
the *Halcyon*, a "Review." For the
Kaleidoscope, the prose version of
"The Cow Jumped Over the Moon."

Then she figured it out, thus:

Three appropriate articles, at \$15 each..... \$45.00

Working-Idyl..... 25.00

Carol about Babies..... 15.00

Preach about Babies..... 20.00

Review..... 15.00

Cow that Jumped Over the Moon..... 10.00

Total..... \$130.00

Due to Skiggs..... 25.00

Due to Quigley..... 15.00

Due to Haggis..... 20.00

Balance..... \$70.00

to be expended for winter clothing,
and for the Christmas rose; ten dollars
might be spared for that; and there
was "that two dollars, you know."

After this calculation, Mamma Mullain
wrote with more spirit than ever; and
the inventor of the dodge came out in
a new character, as "The Filial
Fib." He discovered that all well-
regulated boys spent their evenings in
unceasing efforts to attain a good writ-
ing-hand.

Also, that his only hope of achieving
that desirable result was, in copying
each evening, till bedtime, numerous
pages of his mother's manuscript.

Whereupon he acquired his title of
the Filial Fib, and let us hope, the
good writing-hand.

CHAPTER VII.

"THAT TWO DOLLARS"—HOPE LONG DEFERRED.

The little woman went into trade.
She sold the old newspapers for six
cents. The orange-peel speculation
resulted in failure. Nobody would buy.
Meantime, "that two dollars, you
know," was drawn from the bank pre-
force, to pay the washerwoman—a poor
old woman who needed the money, on
which Mamma Mullain felt a sinking of
the heart, and was obliged to do that
sum about the "Idyls," etc., twice
over, before she could quite recover her
usual cheerfulness.

Also the "dodge," though in splendid
working order, was so continually tripped
up, and circumvented by the
"law," that its young inventor might
almost as well have spared the car-
horses the shame of their defeat.

"The Christmas-rose will be a very
small growth," they told each other.

One—two—three—four weeks! Such
weeks! The hours in them had feet of
lead, and were lame besides. Darkest
of all, came to be that hour known as
the postman's. No such heart-shaking
hour in the year, as, if you are a mul-
lein person, or like those who joined
David in the cave of Adullam, and you
are at the crest of the wave, and a letter
will tide you over, or dash you down in
its gulf, you very well know. The
"Hour" quite overshadowed the Mul-
lein family. When it began, everybody
grew nervous; while it endured, every-
body started at each tinkle of the bell,
and watched slyly out of window. When
it ended—oh! the miserable blank;
worse even than the torture of suspense!
and when the member from outside—
who had been absent meanwhile, re-
turned—there was another trial. The
vague expectation, the quick glance at
the table and into the faces of the
stayers-at-home, the pathetic attempt
at indifference on the part of every-
body; and the determination of every-
body to show no anxiety, and to see
none!—ah! let it pass! It is easier to
write than to witness.

CHAPTER VIII.

RETURNS, BILLS, AND BALANCES.

A letter at last, about the "Work-
ing-Idyl." "An excellent idea," the letter
said; but was there not a touch of
nitro-glycerine in it, that, admitted,
might blow up society, or some sub-
scriber's idea of society, which would
be quite the same thing, as far as news-
papers are concerned," and so with
thanks, it was returned.

Mamma Mullain tore her hair, or
rather whatever, in the mental econ-
omy, corresponds to hair (the real article
is too expensive), in private, mind you!
and then came down smiling, and got a
letter about the "Carol." A letter. A
blow in the face.

"There was something theological in
the 'Carol,'" the letter said, and truly.
Mamma Mullain was a devout woman,
and it had slipped her pen, without in-
tending it. "There was always dan-
ger," said the letter, "in handling the
theological porcupine, even with
gloves; and the paper declined to take
the risk. And so—with thanks," etc.

"Christmas comes but once a year,"
and to make all these slips and stum-
bles then! A Protestant pilgrimage,
barefoot, to the Stock Exchange, or
some other temple of Mammon, and a
solemn vow never again "to call a spade
a spade," would have relieved Mamma
Mullein's overwrought feelings as she
subtracted forty dollars from her cal-
culations. Then the tide turned, in a
letter sweeter than any love-note, in-
cluding a check, for the "Preach about
Babies," twenty dollars. Another let-
ter, and another check, for the
"Review," fifteen dollars.

Fifth Week.—Appropriate articles
for the *Chignon* not returned—they had
been special-ly ordered, but gone into
bankruptcy. The paper had fallen into
financial collapse. Broken reeds that
pierced her side. Mamma Mullain had
scarcely the heart left to subtract forty-
five dollars more from their calculations.
It was over now. She kept a bright
face for the younger Mullains; but,
though there might be still some scanty
shreds and patches of Christmas, there
could be no Christmas-rose for them.

Sixth Week.—The day before Christ-
mas. Returned, the prose version of
"The Cow Jumped Over the Moon,"
with thanks. "The editor would have
used it, but he had accepted an article
before receiving it, on precisely the
same subject, which would appear in
the present number." Singular, and

yet more singular that the article on
the same subject proved to be written
by the editor in person. But Mamma
Mullein had for her consolation the
adage that great minds think alike.

By the same post arrived Skiggs' bill
for twenty-five dollars, Haggis' bill for
eighteen dollars, Haggis' bill for twenty
dollars; total, sixty-three dollars. And
the Mullain receipts had been thirty-
five dollars! Mamma Mullain finds a
difficulty in summing up. Something
is the matter with her eyes. And the
winter clothing, and the Christmas-
rose! The "dodge" had accumulated
two dollars in spite of the "law." The
little woman had brought six cents out
of trade. The young inventor and the
little woman proposed to invest the two
dollars and six cents, after supper, by
means of a committee of two, which
mamma was not invited to join—for
reasons common to Christmas.

CHAPTER IX.

NEMESIS—THE FATE OF THE "DODGE."

Enter the washerwoman. Nobody
had expected her. If she had been
Nemesis herself, the family could not
have surveyed her with more dismay.
With what was she to be paid? The
young inventor looked at the dis-
turbed face of his mother, and gave a
great gulp.

"How much is it, mamma? There
is the 'dodge,' you know!" and Mamma
Mullein felt the two dollars thrust into
her hand. Yes, there it was, and there
was the washerwoman. The Mullains
looked at each other incredulously.
Their last hold on their one loved hol-
iday was slipping from them, and they
hardly knew how to believe it, after all
the toil, and the patience, and the self-
sacrifice, and the planning! If the
washerwoman had not known it, she
was being paid in dramas, in a concen-
tration of much that was precious. But
it looked to her a poor enough note,
unaccompanied by an extra fifty cents,
or so, in honor of Christmas. She
thinks they have forgotten it!—forgot-
ten it, poor souls! and stands her
ground. Mamma quakes before her,
and answers her but feebly. Still she
stands! Will she never go? An awful
silence. Convicted felons might wear
the open and cheerful countenance of
the Mullains. The Nemesis of the
wash-tub tosses her head, flounces,
makes a remark, to the door-knob ap-
parently, about the poor returns of
stinginess to stingy people in the long
run—but she goes! Mamma Mullain
is free to cover her face with her hands,
and the young inventor to press a soft
cheek against hers, and call her his
dear, good, lovely mamma.

CHAPTER X.

THE LITTLE WOMAN AS A BUYER.

The little woman, who has slipped
out quietly, comes in and sits down by
the window, although it is cold. She
has been trying to buy a Christmas
wreath with her six cents, but there are
none to be found at a cheaper rate than
a shilling apiece.—*Louise E. Furniss,*
in *Appleton's Journal*.

The Ross Case.

The details of the abduction of
Charlie Ross, and of the subsequent
discovery of his kidnappers, excel in
romantic interest any story of crime
yet conceived by romancer or play-
wright. The disappearance of the child,
the alternations of hope and despair in
the hearts of the afflicted parents, as
news came from time to time that their
boy had been discovered, the various
threads of rumor which the officers un-
raveled only to find that they led to
nothing, the pursuit of the real kidnappers
for months by the detectives acting
under the orders of Inspector
Walling, of New York, and the manner
in which they avoided them and finally
put them off the scent altogether, and
the tragical denouement a few days ago,
which discovered them, and at the same
time brought a swift and terrible
revenge upon them, form a series of
chapters in one of the most thrilling
episodes of crime ever known in this
country. The result of the denoue-
ment, however, is like the result of
every other step in the strange story.
No sooner had the sky lightened up
than it clouded over again. A ray of
sunlight entered the afflicted home as
the news came of the discovery of the
kidnappers, but it is only temporary.
The kidnappers have been found at
last, but the boy is still missing.

It will be remembered that, when
Charlie Ross was abducted, the crime
was witnessed by several persons, who
furnished the police with pretty ac-
curate descriptions. These descriptions
were sent all over the country, and then
followed all kinds of haphazard work.
Charlie Rosses were found every-
where, in the remotest parts of the
East and West, in Southern
plantations, out in the Rocky Moun-
tains, among the mines, and numerous
arrests were made, including criminals
and respectable people, fortune-
tellers, peddlers, tramps, and gypsies.
Meantime, one detective, Inspector Wal-
ling, was on the right track. From the
descriptions, and from the information
he had received, he was convinced that
the two kidnappers were two professional
criminals—William Mosher, a low-
browed, brutal villain, the hero of all
kinds of scoundrelism, upon whom his
own vices had set an indelible stamp by
which he was recognized after death,
and Joseph Douglas, a man equally
desperate in his acts of criminality,
and who had been Mosher's partner in
crime for years, but a man of some
intellectual ability and of respectable
connections. It was not long before
the officers were upon their track, and
found that in February last the two men
had been traveling through New Jersey
and Eastern Pennsylvania, selling an
insect powder, using for their trans-
portation the very wagon they had
when the Ross boy was carried off.
They were tracked as far as Trenton,
N. J., and here the officers lost sight
of them. Meanwhile they did not relax
their vigilance. Mrs. Mosher was kept
under surveillance, and every move-
ment she made was noted. More than
once the detectives were almost on the
heels of the two kidnappers in for-
tune-tellers' rooms, saloons, and low
boarding-houses, and one day they
came so close that the two villains be-
came alarmed and dropped out of sight.
The chase was temporarily over, and
might have remained so for a long time

to come had it not been for a sudden
and mysterious development of good
fortune.

One dark, stormy night two men
came up the river in their little black
sloop, which had been engaged in many
a marauding expedition, and landed at
Bay Ridge, in the rear of the unoccu-
pied residence of Judge Van Brunt,
with the intention of robbing it. Not
knowing that the house was provided
with a burglar-alarm connected with
the adjoining residence of the Judge's
brother, the two burglars entered. The
alarm did its work. The family was
aroused, and the Judge, his son, and
the hostler armed themselves, went
over to the house, and at last, tired of
waiting for the burglars to come out,
opened the doors and provoked an en-
counter which resulted in the death of
the two villains. They were Mosher
and Douglas. Mosher was killed in-
stantly, and Douglas lived long enough
to confess he assisted in the abduction
of Charlie Ross, but died without dis-
closing the whereabouts of the boy.

The identity of the two burglars has
been established beyond doubt, Charlie
Ross' brother, uncle, and others having
identified them as the abductors, and
their relatives having identified them
as Mosher and Douglas.

Death has visited a sharp and quick
revenge upon the two ruffians, but
where is Charlie Ross? Mosher's wife,
who might have told something, has
disappeared. Douglas' wife or mis-
tress, through terror of the detectives'
power, has agreed to tell all she knows
at the inquest, but this may not amount
to anything definite. A more joyful
denouement than the restoration of the
little fellow to his home again could
not be imagined; but this may not be
possible. The clouds still hang dark
over the afflicted home, but the crime
has been fearfully avenged. The same
good fortune which made the two
scoundrels targets for the unerring
practice of the Van Brunts may yet
bring back the little fellow, and fill the
chair which has been vacant so long in
the Germantown home.—*Chicago*
Tribune.

Current Paragraphs.

AUTUMN HUES.—Cutting fire-wood.

The new Congress contains four cler-
gymen.

It is claimed that the Chesapeake
Bay has oysters enough to feed three
worlds.

FIVE thousand men are now em-
ployed on the Centennial buildings and
grounds.

REV. DR. CHAPIN says of the Lincoln
statue, none needed it less, none de-
served it more.

THERE is no money in the Alabama
Treasury of any kind to pay the mem-
bers of the General Assembly.

The hundredth anniversary of Daniel
O'Connell's birth is to be made a na-
tional festival in Ireland next August.

THE Canadian veterans who fought
against the United States in 1812 are
to be pensioned by the Dominion gov-
ernment.

CHICAGO'S Sunday Lecture Society is
now firmly established. First-class
lectures are given, the admission fee be-
ing ten cents.

SCIENTIFIC observations of the transit
required less than five hours; but sci-
entific observations on the transit will bore
us for a year or two.

"SCURVY MIKE" and "Dreadful
Tom" are the candidates for Mayor of
Grass Plains, Neb. Both are running
on the anti-grasshopper ticket.

PROF. JUDD, who attempted to walk
500 miles in New York in six days and
a half, failed miserably on the fifth
day, after having accomplished 369
miles.

A NEVADA woman recently knocked
down seven men, one after the other,
with the help of her fist alone. The
men were trying to enter her house for
the purpose of robbery.

IN the last five years no less than
forty-three life insurance companies in
the United States gave up the ghost.
There was very little life or insurance
to be found in the concerns.

A FRENCHMAN has opened a restaurant
in Thompson street, New York, where
he gives a piece of bread, a plate of
vegetable soup, and a plate of vegeta-
bles